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AN

Itinerary of Launceston,

CORNWALL:

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS ANTIQUITIES,

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

WITH

A Glance at its Prospects and Commercial Advantages,

AS CONNECTED WITH

THE OPENING OF THE RAILWAY.

"Thy towers, Dunheved, are gone to decay,
 Thy halls that once echoed the reveller's mirth,
 Like mists of the morning have melted away,
 And the race of the rulers is mix'd with the earth.
 Other voices are heard, other faces are seen,
 In the place where thy glory in vision is laid,
 Thy greatness belongs to the things that have been.
 And the child o'er the grave of thy chieftains has play'd."

M. P.

LAUNCESTON:

WILLIAM PHILP, BROAD STREET.

M.DCCC.LXV.

DA
670
L27
I85
1865

TO

THE MAYOR OF LAUNCESTON,

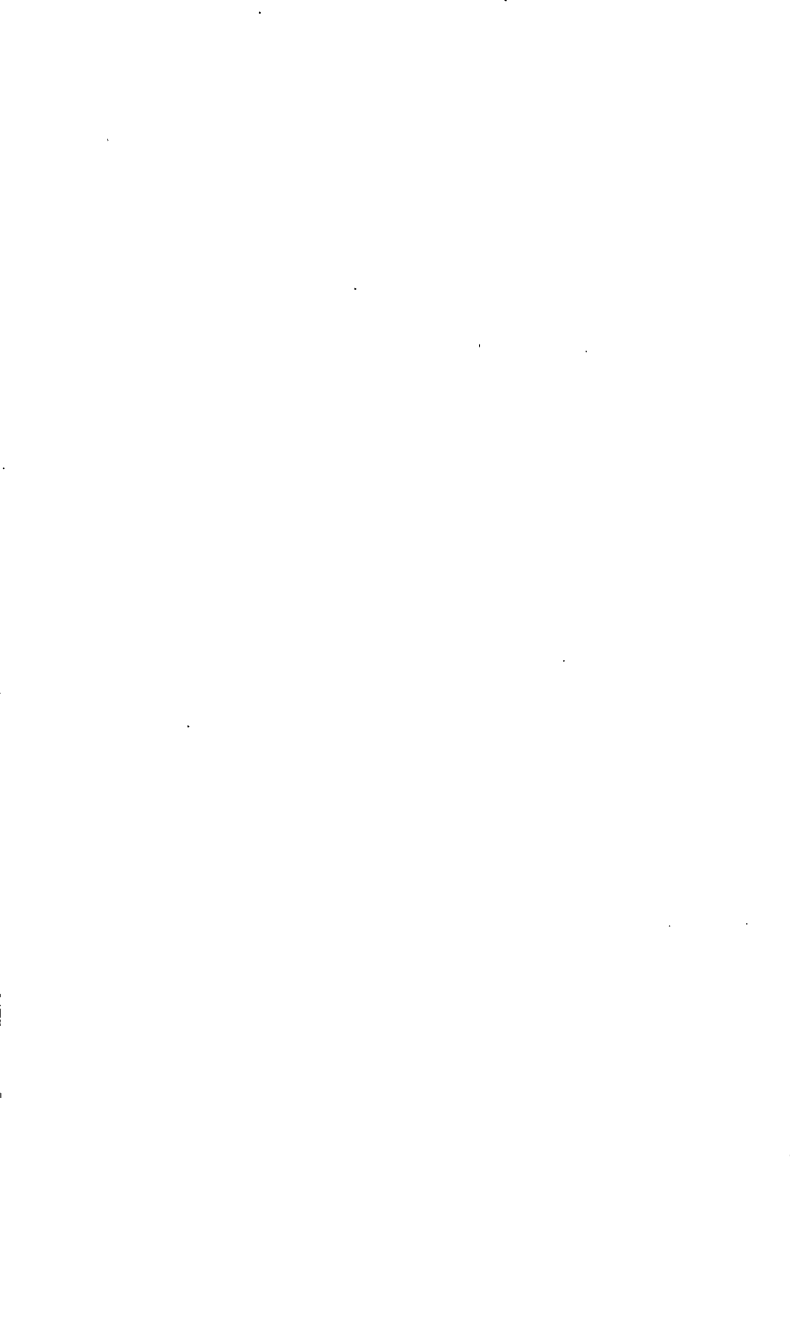
RICHARD PETER, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Your public spirited wish and proposal to forward a "History of Launceston" was the first occasion of collecting some materials for that purpose.

Though the gauntlet you threw down has not yet been taken up, the putting together, in some form, the contributions, for so many of which the Editor is indebted to you, may help to lead to the desirable object suggested; and to you, therefore, this slight and crude sketch is dedicated.

June 1st, 1865.



AN ITINERARY OF LAUNCESTON.

THAT great discoverer and pioneer, the Railway, is daily developing new scenes and penetrating into the stiller recesses of life; but, further, while advancing modern civilization and communication, it may also be the means of recalling former days of celebrity and importance in some of our decayed or decaying places of human habitation. As, after winding through the folds of hills and following the course of the Lyd, with its picturesque looking Castle, it strides boldly forward over the Tamar, and enters a new county, the scenery westward acquires fresh interest. Projected against the evening sky, and backed by the range of Cornish Tors, the ancient Castle of Launceston stands out prominent, circular, and massive, a centre point to the landscape. It commands the entrance to Cornwall, and sends little tributary streams to join the Tamar at Polson Bridge, about a mile distant. A few minutes bring us to the St. Thomas Station in the valley below; and thence a rather steep ascent of

half-a-mile conducts to the heart of the town. On entering the chief and roomy hotel, the White Hart, the lover of antiquity will notice the Norman doorway, of the genuine style of adornment peculiar to that order, and will wonder how it came so placed. The ruined Priory furnished the material, and though out of character in its present position, it is at least well preserved and secured from decay. An open street, with a market house occupying the centre, will attract attention from the curious vestiges of the overhanging buildings and gables which once, no doubt, constituted the predominating class of superior habitations. A handsome new bank in chromolith, and all the finish and detail of early domestic architecture, has here been lately erected. It partially intercepts Broad Street, and divides it into two branches, one leading to the lower or meat market, the other to the rich and venerable church, of which we shall have more to say after closer inspection. Below it there is a pretty walk shaded by limes, and of which the second or lower terrace commands a view of part of the valley, and whence the recent railway works in their progress have been an object of great interest in their survey. The first inspection of the town will, however, more likely include a progress through Castle Street, the left of three ways conducting back to the foot of the hill; and there are the best residences of private families; also a handsome Wesleyan Chapel and

School, built in the Italian style, retreating a little from the street on the left. A short walk through this street leads to an archway of massive proportions, groined within, and of obviously great antiquity. After passing through its postern, not without noticing the cell or recess in the right, in which George Fox was imprisoned in days of intolerance and persecution, the tourist will emerge on the Castle Green, a large open square, shaded by a few trees, and the scene of rustic sports and military exercises. He will perceive beyond the solid oak balustrade, a sudden descent clothed with verdure to the winding high road below, and be reminded, on enquiry, of the liberality of the former noble constable of the Royal Castle, who enclosed and planted the mound, fortifying it with a substantial wall. On approaching the modern Lodge to his left, if the site were formerly known to him, he will say there is an agreeable improvement from its former tenement—the gloomy county gaol, with its gloomy traditions. The writer remembers, when it was pulled down twenty years ago, being shown a coarsely executed portrait on the plaster, executed by a poor fellow under sentence of hanging for forgery. A darker tale of imprisonment and cold-blooded persecution is that of Agnes Prest, a simple and faithful woman of the neighbourhood, from Boyton parish, who appears to have been fetched out from her quiet obscurity, denounced by her own

*The Gaol, well visited
by the tourist
in the morning
and evening
The gaol was
pulled down
in 1840
and replaced
by the present
Lodge*

husband and children, and to have had the distinction of being the only martyr that suffered death for the Protestant religion in the diocese of Exeter, during Queen Mary's reign. The particulars of her bold confession and execution are given in *Foxe's Martyrs*, and may be found in *Davis Gilbert's Parochial History*. She suffered at Exeter, and the tradition survives, that the grass has ever refused to grow over the spot of her execution.

Another curious instance of the earth yielding up, and ceasing to "cover her slain," is that of the Witch's Tower, now destroyed, but formerly occupying the north-west side of the Castle Green. The name, as may be supposed, was derived from the burning of a witch; and it is asserted that, on examining the spot some years since, the stake and staple were found bearing evident marks of combustion. The elders of Launceston remember when public executions took place on the Castle Green, and apprentices were sent by their masters to witness the edifying spectacle. Dismissing such painful associations, and entering by a gateway through the balustrade immediately encircling the Castle, we discover charming grounds and terraced borders carefully kept. After taking a turn or two on the broad walk, many will aspire to the steep ascent, by stone steps, to the chief mass of ruins, to trace their ancient design and scope, and will, while sitting to take breath and enjoy the cool

breeze, be pleased to obtain a little information as to the antiquity and former importance of this fortress.

So ancient, indeed, is the substantial masonry, that it dates beyond any distinct records attainable. It is often slightly and vaguely described by the designation Norman, but those who have investigated the question have much to say in favour of a far earlier period, on account of its not bearing any resemblance to castles built by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans, and from its agreement with various of the Phœnician, Syrian, and Median castles, and especially with those in Asia Minor. Thus, Mr. Edward King, in his *Munimenta Antiqua*, is cited by the editor of the *Parochial History of Cornwall*, Mr. Davies Gilbert, late President of the Royal Society, and we can hardly do better than continue the extract. "The keep (unlike all Norman keeps), instead of being of great diameter and spacious, is very small, although there was evidently space enough on the top of the rock to have made it as large as Norman magnificence could demand, had it been erected, as some have hastily conjectured, by that people. It is only eighteen and a half feet in diameter within, and is quite round," unlike Trematon, which is here observed to be a true Norman type.

"The wall of the keep at Launceston is exceedingly strong, being at least ten feet thick; and

within its thickness is a staircase ascending up from one side of the doorway without any winding, excepting that of the mere curvature of the wall itself. The present height is 32 feet, the upper part being somewhat broken down, and it contained, as its only apartments, a sort of dungeon on the ground, which had no light at all, and two rooms over it, one above the other." The lowermost of these, equally dark and gloomy with the dungeon, was, perhaps, a store for arms or treasury; but in the uppermost apartment there appear to have been two large windows, now broken down, looking eastward and westward; and, also, a fire hearth, with a passage for the smoke carried up through the thickness of the wall towards the north, so that this was intended, probably, for the actual state residence of the chieftan. "Such was this tower: and its close surrounding works are no less extraordinary; for we find it encompassed by a second munition still stronger than itself. About six feet or a little more from its outside is an encircling wall, 12 feet thick, and nearly equal in height with the floor of the uppermost apartment of all. Beyond this second wall is again a second surrounding area like the first, only six feet wide, and which was further enclosed by a third encircling wall, forming a sort of parapet. Beyond all these was an external wall, with a deep ditch." Mr. King then goes on to compare this castle with ancient

descriptions of those in the east, and satisfies himself of their identity.

In Carew's time, who traces the foundation of the town to Eadulphus, brother to Alpsius, Duke of Devon and Cornwall, the Castle is thus described: "To the town there is adjoinant in site, but sequestered in jurisdiction, an ancient Castle, whose steep, rocky-footed keep hath its top environed with a treble wall, and in regard thereof, men say, was called Castle Terrible. The base court compriseth a decayed chapel, a large hall for holding the shire assizes, the constable's dwelling-house, and the common gaol."

Tonkin, another Cornish historian, thus speaks of the peculiar site and existing condition of the Castle in his time: "At the north-east stands the keep on a high, tapered mound, which I once thought was artificial, though I am now satisfied to the contrary, there being a quarry of stones almost at the very top of it, though there has been some art used nevertheless to bring it to the form that it now has. A covered way formerly led you by steps of stone of an easy ascent to the top of it, which steps are now carried off, as well as the roof, and the whole in a ruinous condition; and truly it moveth compassion to see the woful plight of this so pleasant a seat, accommodated with a fine park, formerly well wooded, with a small rivulet of water running through it. The whole

being now held for lease of lives by Hugh Piper, Esq., who, by virtue thereof, is likewise Constable of the Castle, and keeper of the gaol, the which was granted to his grandfather Sir Hugh Piper, Knt." Of this distinguished gentleman and Royalist, we have more to say in its proper place, among other notabilities. But to proceed with further notices of the Castle itself, we quote from Mr. Willis's account of the borough. "Robert, Earl of Morton, half brother to William the Conqueror, and his successors, Earls of Cornwall, having their chief residence at this Castle, the town increased much in buildings and riches, and had certain privileges and liberties conferred upon it."

There were burgesses inhabiting or belonging to this town in the reigns of King Henry II. and Henry III. The town was, by its then lord, Richard Earl of Poitiers and of Cornwall, the king's brother, made a free borough, who granted to it, by his charter, to choose their own bailiffs, and to erect a guild of merchants in the said borough, to hold of him and his heirs, which privileges were frequently confirmed, and with additional liberties.

And in the 10th of Richard II., on the petition of these burgesses, the assizes were restored to this town, having been removed to Lostwithiel, and to be held nowhere else in Cornwall but at Launceston. This Prince's father, Duke of Cornwall, Edward the Black Prince, also styled, King of the Romans, had

the castle, borough, and honour of Launceston assigned to him and the heirs of his body, eldest sons of the King of England, in whom accordingly this manor has been vested ever since, and is now held in fee farm by the heir apparent to the Crown of England, being by birth Duke of Cornwall. Of the great antiquity of the Castle, it is some testimony that William, Earl of Morton, nephew to the Conqueror, rebuilt, or rather repaired, and put it in its present form; for, by traditions from remotest times, it was a seat of the independent Princes of Cornwall; and, concerning these and their long struggle against the Saxons, Dr. Borlase's history gives many details. Though Launceston, or, by its primitive derivation, Dunheved, the swelling hill, or mound, is not much named in these encounters, it probably was the retreat, or stronghold, of the Cornish Briton Chiefs after their sallies and repulses, of which tradition points out many a scene.

"Behold that antique pile! in years gone by
Its lofty walls uprear'd into the sky,
In feudal grandeur frown'd upon the plain,
And gave protection to a martial train;
Whose fame in arms resounded from afar,
How skill'd to bend the bow, or drive th' ensanguined car." *

And the eye can yet command, from the height
here attained, the outline of hills, whose very name
commemorates the coming of foreign invaders.

* W. MAY, late of Newport.

Hingesdon, on Hengist Down, with its massive and lofty range, is the first in the chain of Cornish Tors visible, and derives its name, as does the bridge crossing the Tamar at its foot, from the Saxons Hengist and Horsa. And the western extreme of the same ridge terminates near Slaughter Bridge, where the illustrious hero of the West, King Arthur, yielded his life in the same warfare. The river Attery, as the main branch of the Tamar is called, before it reaches its destination south of Launceston, is said to derive its name from the same warrior and patriot, whose celebrity is becoming so revived in the present day as almost to cease to be a mere myth of the dark ages.

To the latter pages of the present little Handbook, we refer the readers for some notes and papers of value, furnished by kind contributors to this brief sketch of Launceston and its neighbourhood, and proceed, after calling the visitor's attention to the grand outlines on the eastern boundaries of the Dartmoor Hills, and the crested range on the westward of the Bodmin Moors, to descend again by the Castle Green, thence making a little detour, after passing through the western gateway, to admire the newly erected Launceston Bank in Westgate Street, a real ornament to the town; and thence to ascend Windmill Hill, a most commanding eminence, quite over-topping the Castle, and from which there is a perfect panorama of what is seen

more interruptedly from its grounds amidst their dense foliage.

The enquirer into the construction of the hills he treads in this ascent, will notice on the summit a stone quarry, which will be, as it were, a page for him to study from the great geological volume spread before him, whose leaves he may turn at his leisure. Supposing him to be now taking a cursory view only, we may furnish him with a key to its construction by the following quotation from a paper on Launceston Castle, by S. R. Pattison, F.G.S. "The ruins rest on a substratum of coarse slate, interspersed with hard beds of rock. The peculiar form of the ground is due to a strong development of green stone hard by, which has broken, altered, and raised the slaty stratum on which the keep stands; and the site has been further adapted, by extensive scarping to form the mound, and level the base court."

Another contributor to this sketch (R. K. Frost, Esq.) gives the following suggestions, of which we quote a part in his own words:—

The first thing which strikes a stranger on entering this ancient borough is the Castle, and an enquiry will at once be made, whether it was built on a rock, or on a heap of earth or stone, placed there to give to the fortification a long range and command over the surrounding country. The answer is easy,—it was built on a rock. If the enquirer

be fond of geology, he will desire to know the nature of the rock, and whether any like it is to be found in the neighbourhood. His curiosity will be satisfied by taking him to Windmill Hill, where he will see in the stone quarry the same description of rock. A strong volcanic action in the olden time must have raised the Castle rock, the Windmill Hill, and all the high ground near them.

“If he be not satisfied with your answer, take him to Landlake Lime Quarry, about a rifle shot from Windmill, where he will see the limestone full of millions of sea shells without the admixture of one fresh-water shell, and then he will have no difficulty in believing that the base of Launceston and its neighbourhood was formerly much lower than it is at present; that the sea formerly found its way certainly to Landlake, and, most probably, over the entire valley of the Tamar; and that all the high ground near Launceston has been raised by some powerful subterraneous action. The range of hills extending from the north to the south coast, which is the boundary of the prospect on Windmill, is a continuous, well-defined chain of raised ground; sometimes clothed in granite, thrown rudely in heaps by some mighty upheaving of the crust of the earth in that direction; and in other places the granite appears merely raised to the surface by the same action, but with less violence.”

After breathing the keen gale, reinforced by the sea breezes from the north and north-western coasts, we may return, by a narrow, steep lane, down by Race Hill, and re-enter the town at Southgate. A prettier vignette could hardly take an artist's fancy than that here formed by a few picturesque cottages and buildings in the foreground, and the dark, heavy gatehouse, with its upper chambers and pointed roof, its deep shade and the light, lovely foliage of a sapling which has inserted itself in the crevices. Thence, passing under the archway by some prosperous looking shops, and the King's Arms Inn, we again intersect Broad Street, and take our way to the Church for a more lengthened inspection.

The first question that arises, on beholding its peculiar and richly decorated exterior, is as to the period and date of its erection. The eye at once recognizes, in the outlines of its tracery, and the profusion of lights, together with its rather depressed arches, the later, sometimes called debased Tudor, though the tower is clearly of a much earlier style, and more homely in its construction, standing separated from the nave, and not even parallel in its lines towards the main body of the Church. It will at once suggest the idea of a more modern, but partial restoration, and, accordingly, we find by records that the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, Launceston, has undergone considerable alteration

from its primitive and humbler form. To the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. is the more magnificent restoration attributable, and our Appendix contains particulars from various hands as to the well-known legend of its rebuilding.

After trying, more or less, successfully to decipher the letters of the dedicatory salutation to the Holy Virgin, "*Ave Maria gracie plena, Dominus tecum; sponsus amat sponsam; Maria optimam partem elegit. O quam terribilis ac metuendus es locus iste, vere aliud non est hic nisi domus Dei et porta celi,*" carved on shields surrounding the Church, and noticing the curious combinations of heraldic blazonry and sacred emblems, and glancing, too, at the recumbent image of the Magdalene, somewhat rudely executed in the niche under the eastern window, we pause at the rare and unique porch which deserves a particular inspection, for which there will be time while the zealous, but somewhat tardy Sacristan is being hunted up either from profound meditation in the belfry, or from his multifarious avocations about the Church and burying ground. It is a curious square projection with a leaded roof, under which, and over the door-way, is a little par-vise, with two mullioned stone windows, and a niche between, no longer occupied by a saint. Beneath these windows are two remarkable figures in granite; one representing the encounter of St. George with the Dragon, the other, the story of

The legend of the porch was shown a stone
to see to what it was they took a hall
to see to what it was they took a hall

St. Martin of Tours dividing his cloak with the beggar. The palms, pomegranates, and other devices which embellish the whole exterior, are here luxuriantly applied to the ornamentation, and we may mention that it has been most successfully photographed, as have other parts of the Church, as well as the Castle, by Mr. Hayman, residing almost close by. Having obtained the key, we enter the main edifice, and are struck at first sight by the rich and costly windows, due to the munificence and piety of private individuals. The middle of the three aisles conducts to the great eastern Ascension window, executed by Hardman, by the bequest of the late Edmund Spettigue, Esq. The north-east, given by Miss Rowe, the venerable survivor of a large family, is by Wailes, and represents the three Marys at the tomb. The south-east, a tribute from the late Mrs. Cudlipp, also by Wailes, represents our Lord and the Magdalene at the tomb. The oak reredos and the beautiful tessellated pavement within the communion rail were placed there, as well as the Glastonbury chairs, by the zeal and liberality of Mr. Ching, of this town; and next to the north-east end is a Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, the gift of the late John King Lethbridge, Esq., by Connor, of which the colours are remarkably rich and deep. We come to another window in exquisite taste, another donation of Mr. Ching's, in memory of his

much-esteemed wife. It represents the washing of our Lord's feet at the Pharisee's feast, with the appropriate inscription, "She hath done what she could." Nearly opposite is a handsome window, in designs, the gift of the late Mr. Thorne, a tradesman of the town. More stained windows will probably be added, and they are more than commonly adapted to this Church, in which the lights are so numerous, large, and low, as to require mellowing and enriching; for the common-place traffic of the street would be too apparent otherwise, as, indeed, are the inharmonious sounds which often interrupt the weekly services. The monuments are many and of great interest. They have undergone renovations and replacing, when the Church had a thorough restoration in the years 1852 and 1853. That to the memory of the Pyper family has the finest effect in its recess in the north-east corner, especially when the morning light pours in through the storied panes adjacent. The somewhat pompous one in the Grecian style to two friends, Wise and Pyper, is less in harmony with the interior of the Church, the finest relic in which, perhaps, is the pulpit of very darkly coloured oak, and with exceedingly elaborate carvings in high relief. Apparently there were formerly paintings in the intermediate pannels between the elegantly designed palm-stems. The reading desk is of modern oak, but neat and well finished. The pews in the

bench form, with simple and uniform standards and low doors. The western end is a little anomalous, and the light of the setting sun is missed in consequence of the Church terminating by a dead wall with galleries, one of which contains a powerful organ. Beyond is a large room, built by the late Duke of Northumberland, for the meetings of the Mayor and Council, which is also used for a Vestry; but the fabric is very inferior to that of the Church, and in order to unite it to the existing Tower, the shape is irregular. A further account of the Church and monuments is so well given in a little work by Mr. Pattison, late of this town, that we refer them to the copies still attainable of Mr. Maddox, or the other booksellers. A more detailed account, too, is here added by another hand.

1. The Church of St. Mary Magdalene is situated on an elevated situation N. of the Castle, and is bounded on the N. by the Church Close and Walk, S.E. by Church Street, N.W. by Back Lane, E. by the Churchyard, and S. by the Church Street.

2. The measures—In length, from W. door to E. window, 150 feet; breadth of the Nave and Aisles, 53 feet; length of the Nave, 71 feet 3 inches; length of the Choir and Chancel, 31 feet 9 inches; height of the Tower, 84 feet 8 inches; internal breadth of the Tower, 12 feet.

3. There are five entrances. (1) By the South

Porch. (2) By the opposite Great North Door. (3) By the Chancel Door, in the South Aisle. (4) By the Great West Door. (5) By the Door of the Council Chamber.

4. From the Great West Door we leave the belfry by the newel, on the south-east, by a low arched door, and a flight of 90 steps conducts to the leads of the Tower, which has buttresses to the third stage. There is no doubt that it is of much more ancient date than the Nave, much space intervening between it and the latter. The extreme upper angles, both of the newel and main body of the tower, are decorated by stunted minarets. After an ascent of 32 irregular and much worn stone steps, we reach a low door leading into a room now used to contain old or disused church furniture. It is a low square apartment, with two small windows with quatrefoil mouldings. Immediately opposite the entrance of this chamber we trace the remains of another low arch, formerly leading outside the tower. After a further ascent of 14 steps, we reach the clock-room. The clock is on the west side, though, strange to say, the principal dial faces eastward, on which some heraldic designs appear; the dials are octagonal in form, measuring about 14 feet across. The clock has no special bell, but an ingenious mechanism connected the clock with the Bell Chamber, a stage above. The next stage conducts to the Bell

Chamber. The original entrance, by means of a low arch of stone, was sufficiently incommodious; but the additional wall plate and girders (necessary to the strength of the structure) have rendered the opening so small that it is extremely difficult to enter. The flooring of the Bell Chamber is in an extremely dilapidated and unsafe condition. The roof is sloped at an obtuse angle to carry off the wet. The Chamber and Bell-room is divided by a principal wooden compartment, and the west of the latter is again sub-divided into three compartments, in which the third, fourth, and fifth bells are situated. There is a peal of six bells.

5. The first bell (otherwise the fire-bell) is exclusively confined to give notice of fire, or other universal peril; to summon the ringers, when it is struck thrice, in conjunction with the fifth or prayer-bell; and in peal. It bears the following legend:—

GOD SAVE THE KING. 1720.

The second bell, or sanctus bell, is of somewhat an insipid tone in comparison with the third and fourth. It does not increase in size on the first as might be expected from the difference of tone. It bears the following words:—

PEACE & GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD. 1720.

The third bell has a most mellow and beautiful tone. It occupies the south-west compartment of

the tower. It is rarely, if ever, sounded, except in peal, when it imparts to the whole chime a beautiful clearness. It increases considerably in size on the second bell. On it is inscribed this legend :—

A + R.* PROSPERITY TO THIS TOWN. 1720.

The fourth bell, too, contributes to the harmonic unison of the peal by its rich sound. It is occasionally used as a sanctus bell, and for the second bell for prayer. Inscribed on it are these words :—

+ PROSPERITY TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. 1720.

The fifth bell was formerly the tenor, and the inscription which is now on the great bell was on the fifth, and formed a triplet. This bell is used for passing-bells, knells, and daily prayer, and is of a very large size. On it is engraved the following legend; but on the old fifth, "Abraham Rudhall" was put in place of "Abraham of Gloucester." It is now—

ABR. OF GLOUCESTER CAST US ALL. 1720.

And on the sixth tenor—great, or curfew bell—which, alas! needs to be re-cast,

+ THE PEOPLE TO THE CHVRCH TO CALL,

AND TO THE GRAVE TO SUMMON ALL +

In aid of the re-casting, H. R. Trelawny, Esq., of Harewood, Cornwall, delivered, on the 18th March, 1864, a lecture on Church Bells and Campanology, enlarging upon the management of bel-

*For at a Sacristy, where
 was chiefly identified & held the office in the
 bell tower, spoke of "cleaning" the bells.*

fries and ringers. A model of the great bell was then hung up. The lecture was illustrated by some changes on hand-bells, by amateur performers. The lecture realized a few pounds; but to re-cast and re-mount it, more than £50 is required, and no way can be found of raising the funds.

6. The steps become still more unsound, and the central pillar of the newel suddenly terminates, and the opening of a low unpaneled door of oak shows two small doors, the lower one opening into the upper beamwork of the Bell Chamber, and the other square moulded door out upon the leads. Going out by this door, we find ourselves on the roof. The view is magnificent. We see the blue expanse of Dartmoor Forest, twenty miles away, north-eastward; the wide roofs of the nave and aisles below, and the Cornish tors. The lead is marked all over with initials, dates, and monograms: the oldest date circa 1560. The vane at the south-east angle bears the letters I.K.L. 1824.

7. The date of the present tower is doubtless much prior to that of the church. The end of the North Aisle is devoid of the rich carving which characterizes the other part of the Church, and it is very evident that a tower of equal beauty with the main structure was there intended to be built. The subjects of the great East Window are as follows :—

The tracery consists of ornate patterns.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
Rays					up
	of			went	
		Glory		Christ	
			where		
			Angels		
			bearing a		
			Scroll.		
Three			"Ye men of		Two
Saints.	2 Saints.		Galilee, why	3 Saints.	Saints.
			stand ye here		
			gazing up into		
			HEAVEN?"		

In DEI sempiternem Gloriam poni curavit Edmundus Spettigue, Anno Domini, 1858.

During the repairs of the Choir, a monument to the memory of Digory Kingdon and Margery Kingdon was removed. It has been since placed outside the N. door. There are but two sepulchral brasses.

The East Window of the South Aisle is most elegant. The figure of Mary does justice to the designs of the window, but in coming down from London, the face was broken, and, though skilfully and happily replaced, it is unequal to its former perfection. The subjects are as follows :

	1.	
	The Holy Spirit, in the	
	form of a DOVE	
	descending.	
	2.	3.
A Celestial Being.		A Celestial Being.

1.	2.	3.	4.
Sanctus Mattheus, or the third beast, who "hath a face like a man."		Sanctus Johannes, or the fourth beast, like unto a flying eagle.	
S. Mary Magdalene.		JESUS CHRIST.	
The Lamb of GOD.		The Pelican and Young.	
Sanctus Marcus, or the first beast, like unto a lion.		Sanctus Lucas, or the second beast, like unto a calf.	

In memoriam Joh. Roe, obit 1838. Ann Cudlipp
posuit, 1853.

The above is represented in four principal lights,
and three large openings above. Immediately be-
low, on a framed slab of dark marble, is this
monument:—

GVILIELMVS OLIVARIVS
Art^{um} Mag^r
COLLEG: EXONIENS OXON:
ALIQVANDO SOCIVS HVJVS ECCLESIAE
DEMYM AVTEM
RECT^r OVJVS IN PVLVERE DESVDAM
PTHISI EST EXINCTVS.
NATUS 27o 9io ANO DOM: 1627,
DENATUS 6to JULIJ: ANO DOM: 1681.

The inscription was totally illegible, owing to
the dark colour of the stone, till recently. The
characters have now been filled in with red. W.
Oliver was ejected by the Act of Uniformity.

Close to this window is a small monument to the memory of Jonathan Ruddle, A.M. He, too, was a Presbyter of Launceston Church; and a tradition states that he laid a ghost at Southpetherwin. Below, a smaller table commemorates his wife, Sarah Ruddle. Further down is a magnificent, though not very extensive, monument, of fine variegated marble. It bears the following inscription:—

IVXTA. HOC. MARMOR IACET CAROLVS BLIGH CEN.
ALDERMANNVS. ET HVJVS MVNICIPII SÆPIVS
PRAETOR QVI CVM SIBI SATIS SVIS PARVM DIV VIXERAT
PIETATIS. PLENVS. A.D. 1716, DIE 8bris 2do HVNC
IAM ÆTERNITATEM INHANS IVDITH VXOR. 27 MAIL.
A.D. 1717mo SECVTA EST.

Further down westward, in the South Aisle, is a sepulchral tablet, of small dimensions, and of dark stone. It bears the following ingenious inscription:—

HIC JACET QVOD MORTALI FVIT VRSVLA JOHANNIS
ASKHAM, VXOR PHILIPPI CLARK, HVJVS MVNICIPII,
SENATVS FILIA FORMINA

PIETATIS	}	ERGA	{	DEVVM
EGREGIAE FIDELITATIS				MARITVM
CHARITATIS				OMNES.

The East Window of the N. Aisle is inferior in beauty to its neighbour, the Lethbridge window. The subjects are the following:—

1.
The Shield
of
The Trinity.

2.
A Cherub.

3.
A Cherub.

1.	2.	3.	4.
A Cherub	A Cherub	A Cherub	A Cherub
with the legend,	with the legend,	with the legend,	with the legend,
IT IS SOWN IN	AS IN ADAM	SO IN CHRIST	IT IS RAISED IN
DESTRUCTION.	ALL DIE.	SHALL ALL BE	GLORY.
		MADE ALIVE.	

A Host of
ANGELS.

Saint
MARY.

A Cherub		A Cherub
with the legend,	HE IS NOT	HE IS
IT IS SOWN IN	HERE.	RISEN.
WEAKNESS.		IT IS RAISED IN
		POWER.
IN PIAM SVORVM MEMORIAM PONI CVRAVIT ANNE ROWE.		

A.D. 1853.

The largest monument in the Church is situated in the S. Aisle. It is unrivalled in beauty, and is thus arranged :—

	A Funeral Urn,	
A Bust.†	richly sculptured,	A Bust.†
	of carved marble.	

† Granville Piper and Richard Wise.

Itidem obiit xvjto Aprilis A.D. MDCXXVII mo.

Ætatis xxxviii. vo.

Hic Launcestoniæ moriens JVLII xxvii. mo. A.D.

MDCXXVI. Ætatis lxiv.

Bathoniaæ jvxta cineres Domini amantissimi et
carissimises deponi volvit.

Hoc cenotaphivm (monumentvm mvtvi eorvm
amoris et svmmæ svæ observantiæ).

Qvæ patromvm liberalissimvm mvnificantissimvm-
qve semper colvit.

Supremis tabulis hic sciri jvssit Richardus Wise.

Generosvs.

Ut tam igitur piis mandatissatisfacerent marmor hoc.

Altrivsque memoriæ sacrvm posuervnt ejvs
hæredes.

Philippvs Welsh et Gvlielmvs Couch. Generosi.

The marble columns are rendered exceedingly beautiful by their abacuses, plinths, cornices, and capitals; and a heavy, yet rich, plinth crowns the summit of the two columns. The inscription is on a projecting oval tablet, between the two interesting statues of Fortitude and Wisdom. The former holds a drawn sword, and a snake twines round the arm of the latter. In the three spaces formed by the next row of four columns may be seen three beautifully-sculptured figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Over the great South Door is the legend,—

+ WE WILL GO INTO HIS TABERNACLE,
AND FALL LOW ON OVR KNEES BEFORE
HIS FOOTSTOOL.

The porch is paved with white and black marble, before belonging to the choir. The parvis corresponds in size to the porch. In the latter is a list of services, and above, in the parvise, are the parish chests, and here music is copied, &c.

At the western extremity of the South and North Aisles are two richly-framed portraits of Moses and Aaron. They formerly adorned the altar-piece.

The Choir is on the level of the nave. The choristers' pews are four in number, but the choir occasionally occupy the great central West Gallery. The side north of the great aisle is the Cantoris; on the south, the Decani. The Lectern, at right angles to the prayer desk, is on the south side. It is of carved oak, elegant in pattern; ornate poppy-heads adorning the extremities, and below the desk, graceful quatrefoil ornamentation; below again, light gothic arches, sustained by pillars to correspond.

After this closer inspection of the parish Church, a steep descent conducts to Northgate, of which the name only survives, and a turn to the left brings us to the St. Thomas Road, where are the

National Schools and a large Wesleyan Chapel; and further on, a pretty winding lane diverges from the main road, which, after refreshing the pedestrian by its pleasant shadows, brings him again by a short circuit to

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

S hades of the dim and distant ages past
A re lingering yet around these ancient walls,
I n this retreat where stood St. Austin's halls;*
N ought of whose former glory doth outlast
T ime's ravages, for e'en the name is fading fast.

T ime-honour'd spot, thy leafy rural bower,
H ow calm and peaceful in its deep repose,
O n Sabbath morn or dewy evening's close!
M eet stillness reigns that suits the solemn hour;
A ll things around thee Nature's beauties wear:
S weet sylvan scene,—we love to wander there!

C lad in its vesture bright of summer green,
H ere the long avenue to musing leads;
U nheard, the neighbouring stream in silver sheen
R uns gently by to glad the distant meads.
C hurch of our fathers 'mid this beauteous glade,
H ere dost thou stand apart in sombre shade!

S. C. C.

THIS ancient little Church, which occupies a very picturesque site in the valley, between St. Mary Magdalene and St. Stephen's, is situated close to the small river Kensey. In the churchyard is a well-grown avenue of trees, forming, in the summer

* The site of the Priory of St. Austin.

season, a pleasant, shady walk. The ground around the Church was formerly covered by the extensive buildings of the Priory of St. Austin, remains of which have been found in the meadow adjoining, and in the Gas Station, which is near the churchyard. There are several features in the building itself to interest antiquarians,—the chief of these being the fine old font. An illustration of it is given in Van Voorst's collection; but the representation by no means does justice to its ample proportions. The bowl and shaft are formed from a very large block of hard free-stone, known by the name of Hexmill stone. On each side is represented a Catharine wheel surrounded by a serpent, with the sting protruding from the mouth. By persons competent to judge, it has been pronounced of Norman date; and from the Eastern character given to the heads at each angle, it was surmised by the late Sir W. Carpenter Rowe (a native of Launceston), that the artist had been connected with the Crusades. There are some curious mural paintings at the eastern end of the south aisle. The legend of S. Roque (or S. Roche) is depicted; the saint in the pilgrim's dress, and an angel bringing a pot of ointment for his wounds, and a dog bearing a loaf of bread in its mouth. There is also, which is most unusual, a gothic canopy painted over a piscina, with crockets, finial, cinque-foil, and shield in the cusplings. Specimens

of very old painted glass are to be seen in the window above these paintings, the emblems of the Crucifixion, &c. There is a square opening in the tower, the design of which is not very apparent, except for giving formerly the Lord's Supper to lepers—a lazaret hospital having once existed in the neighbourhood. The weekly offertory was established in this Church in A.D. 1854, since which a sum exceeding £600 has been raised, a part of which is funded for the purpose of re-building the Church, the roofs and many parts of the walls being in a dilapidated condition.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Is beside the main road, and is a pleasing specimen of architectural renaissance due to the efforts and taste of the present head-master.

The story connected with the original foundation of this School is curious and interesting. It seems that a rich London knight took a fancy to a peasant girl of the parish of St. Mary Week, in this county, and married her.

This young maiden, Thomasine Bonaventura, may be called the female Whittington of the West. The story handed down is, that born in the year 1450, the humble daughter of indigent parents, Thomasine tended sheep on the common. A London merchant, who, though unpoetically engaged in calling in his payments, seems to have had a

soft side to his heart, there fell in with and conversed with the young girl. Struck with her "good thewes" (?) and modest bearing, he made her an offer then and there,—not of marriage, but of adoption into his family and service, giving good promises and holding out fair hopes for her future. The girl responded with a pretty simplicity and confidence, reminding us of Ruth or Rebekah, and, the parent's sanction obtained, the young maid followed her patron's fortunes, and obtained a high character in his service. We do not wonder that, on becoming a widower, the wealthy merchant now raised the Cornish girl to be his wife, and dying in two years after, left a rich dowry to her who had been a poor servant.

Youth, beauty, and riches, caused the fair young widow to be sought after; and a few years more saw her still under thirty, a second time relic of one Henry Gall, also worthy and wealthy, and who had further endowed her. Thomasine rose in reputation, as in wealth, for goodness and beauty. Again, after being much courted and sought, she became a wife. John Percivall, Esq., her third husband, was Sheriff of London in the year 1487, and was knighted by King Henry VII. in 1499. After this gentleman's death, Dame Thomasine, wealthy, childless, but full of good works, devoted the rest of her life to pious and charitable deeds; and in the parish of St. Mary Week, where she was

born, she founded a chantry and free school, to pray for her soul, the souls of her father and mother, her husbands, and relatives. To this chantry and school she added a small library, with a fair house for lodgings for the schoolmaster and chanters, and endowed the same with £20 per annum in land for ever. She also founded a charity called St. John's, in this parish, to which she attached an endowed school in the reign of Henry VIII. In the reign of Edward VI. the school was removed to Launceston, as being more convenient. It was endowed by Queen Elizabeth with the net sum of £16 3s. 4d., paid still from the Inland Revenue Office. An additional endowment of £10 was bestowed by George Baron, Esq., by will, dated 9th October, A.D., 1685. J. C. B. Lethbridge, Esq., of Tregear, the present owner of the baron property, exercises the right of nomination of six boys to the foundation of the School. The original site of the School was on "the walk," below the churchyard; but the Corporation having purchased a house in St. Thomas, the old buildings were sold to His Grace the Duke of Northumberland. For many years the School duties were carried on in a very small and inconvenient room at the back of the School-house; but by the exertions of the present head-master, Rev. S. Childs Clarke, who gave up the garden attached to the master's house for a site, a spacious school-room

and play-ground have now been secured. The new School-room was opened in A.D. 1862, in the Mayoralty of Mr. W. R. Derry. Its dimensions are 40 feet by 25, and its height 33 feet. The roof is open to the top. The buildings are from the plans of Mr. Hugall. The class-room adjoining is 14 feet by 12. There is a gymnasium in the play-ground erected by public subscription. The late Duke of Northumberland contributed £90 to the building fund, to which was added a sum of £150, from which the master formerly derived £7 10s. annual income. This was ceded by the present master, by consent of the Court of Chancery, for the sake of procuring a sufficient sum for the building. A Working Man's Club was commenced, by Rev. S. Childs Clarke, in the year 1864, held each evening in the winter season in the school-room. Penny Readings are also given here on alternate Tuesday evenings, which have hitherto been very popular. A Library has been added to the other advantages of the Club. Papers and Periodicals are furnished to the Reading Room. Upwards of 40 ladies of this town have formed themselves into a working society, for assisting in paying off the debt which remains on the building. They hold their meetings on the first Tuesday in the month, and have already raised a considerable portion of the required amount.

We are now on the bounds of the ancient borough, and an account of the by-gone ceremony of beating them may be amusing, as given in the words of one present, in the year 1806.

BEATING THE BOROUGH BOUNDS.

September 8th, 1806.

A TRUE NARRATIVE. GIVEN BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

At ten o'clock o' Monday laist
We had a jolly spree and vaist,
And Mr. Mayor long wi' us;
With fife and drum, and volunteer,
Town mace bearers, and all they theer,—
'Twould do you good to see us.

Us travell'd out to Polston Bridge,
And on the big stone coping ridge
Was Walter Body hoisted;
His vaither scat he brave and strong,
And back us cumm'd, and 'twasn't long,
To Bamham bottom posted.

The mill-dam pass'd and cross'd the leat,
Where Joseph Green came in for it,
And round the sward was whipt;
So out the turnpike road again;
At Penquite and Bulsworthy Lane,
Jack Bellew Bray was stript.

While John Bolt play'd "God save the King,"
Head downwards, us all in a ring,
To see un on the stone;
Then down White Lane us trudg'd our way
Tow'rds Tavistock, and in East Hay
There William Hobb was thrown.

Us brokt the hedge, and come right 'fore
Lawhitton Down, and found a store
Of long-cripples and adders,
And fuzzy pigs, and that theer trade,
And through the creeps the varmint made
We clum without no ladders.

So on we plodded to Scarne Lake,
Where Georgey Mann the slush did take,
Daub'd Aaron Symons' face,
Dick Hendy cotcht it too, I warn,
By Hurdon water under Scarne,—
So on again apace.

When us was growing cruel dry,
The Mayor his waggon we did spy,
And 'twas a pleasant view!
Ducks, fowls, ham, beef, and porter stor'd;
I reckon us minds Bishops Ford
And Mister Spettigue.

Then through the meshes on we plod,
A brave thing wet o'er moss and sod,
In Tommy Polton chuckt;
Down to Lanlake, and there John Frain
Whipt William Coomb; so on again:
John Body next we duckt.

A shrew mouse runn'd across the road;
I'd rather far have seen a toad,
I was that maz'd and carried;
A magpie right before did hop,
And zure I thought us must nack op,
So whisht was we and horried.

Wet to the skin, us follow'd track,
A thunder planet all so black,
To Jackford on we follow;
We tor'd along—down vall'd the rain—
And there they hoisted Billy Frain
In Pennygillam hollow.

Near Crotern walls, and by the quarry,
Us cumm'd right up beside Tresmarry,
And just a stugg'd was we ;
By Orange Grove, still in the borough,
In the town place as we cum thorough,
The dairy pans we see.

Us found the cream all vit to skim,
Us dipt George Farthing, bid 'un swim,
And zot 'un up so well ;
And drencht and flogg'd 'un in the court,
No odds to he, 'twas all fair sport,
And theer we drank a spell.

The sun came out our hearts to cheer,
And good white wine and bottled beer
Had Mister Mayor provided ;
About a two o'clock we tramp,
And on again, through Brandy's swamp,
Where William Heath we hid.

A cross stood once beside the meadow,
Where Harper's lake a tree did shadow—
Tom Shilson here we thrasht ;
And so to St. John's Chapel sped,
Deer Park and Convent Garden tread,
And Harry Angwin lasht.

The parish goasip's cucking stool,
Down here, right by St. Thomas' pool,
Held scolds and shrews in stocks ;
And they that sclumm'd and ballyragg'd,
Thro' distles, ditch, and dam was dragg'd,—
Waant heaps and floppy-docks.

To Mr. Dymond's brewery
Full glad we came ; but woe is me,
The beer was all gone poor ;
The drouthiest man could not have drunk it,
Tho' some there were would try to clunk it—
The cellar was turn'd sour.

Right sad we turn'd about again,
John Cornish flogg'd in Wooda's Lane,
 Pass'd Gooseham, Orchard, Quarry;
And so the river skirted still,
To Dockacre and Ridge-grove Mill,
 And there for sport we tarry.

John Peardon lookt to see the vun,
But we soon cotcht and hove him down
 In Mr. Frost his shallow;
(The water here had chang'd its course,)
John Doidge we sous'd, and there perforce
 Must William Edgecombe hollow.

The moorstone troughs we need to view;
Gill Martin lazar grounds pass'd through,
 And Thomas Thorne there beat,
And Dagworthy, the last young lad;
Then cum to Polston Bridge, right glad,
 And halted there to treat.

Long live the Mayor! hurrah, boys, sing!
Dick Barrable more cheer does bring!
 We ate, and drank, and blest;
Then, weary-footed, turned us home,
And near the Workhouse out they come
 To bid us to the veast.

The Mayor, with mace and scarlet gown,
And drums and fifes, right into town,
 And to the White Hart, led us,
And veasted us right royally;
And in the street the beer was free;—
 Long may they live to speed us!

The people drank—the boys hurrah'd,
For half-a-crown receiv'd each lad,
 To pay un for his hiding;
God bless our Mayor, and bless our King,
And grant we long may live to sing
 Our borough bounds abiding!

PAST HISTORY AND TRADITIONS.

AFTER this sample of the modern vernacular, we may appropriately recall a few local traditions and specimens of the folk lore, which sometimes illustrate a people, and preserve their personality. Some have been printed in *Notes and Queries*, and are thence extracted thus:—

“NOTES AND QUERIES.”

“Dr. Ruddle, of Launceston, had a great reputation as an exorcizer. About ten miles from Launceston is a large piece of water called Dozmere Pool. A tradition of the neighbourhood says, that on the shores of this lonely ‘mere’ the ghosts of bad men are ever employed in binding the sand in bundles with hay beams or bands. These ghosts, or some of them, were driven out—they say here, horsewhipped out—or, at any rate, exorcized in some sort, by “the parson” from Launceston, who also had great success in laying to rest one Mrs. Dorothy Dingley, of Southpetherwyn, who, some 200 years ago, according to the particulars given in C. Gilbert’s *Cornwall*, did greatly harass, haunt, and vex a young lad of that place. In the same entertaining and veracious history will be found the long experience and possession of a young maiden by fairies, or the before-named piskeys; for they are indifferently called by both names.”

NOTES ON FOLK LORE.

"A recent old cottage tenant at Poliphant, near Launceston, when asked why he allowed a hole in the wall of his house to remain unrepaired, answered that he would not have it stopped up on any account, as he left it on purpose for the piskeys (Cornish for pixies) to come in and out, as they had done for years. I am told that a poor woman near Launceston was fully persuaded that one of her children had been taken away, and a piskey substituted, the disaster being caused by the absence of the prayer-book from under the pillow on one particular night."

"An old woman, the wife of a respectable farmer in the parish of Werrington, near Launceston, has frequently told my informant of a 'piskey' which often *made its appearance*, in the form of a small child, in the kitchen of the farm house, where the inmates were accustomed to set a little stool for it. It would do a good deal of household work ; but if the hearth and the chimney corner were not kept neatly swept, it would pinch the maid. The piskey would often come into the kitchen and sit on its little stool before the fire, so that the old lady had many opportunities of seeing it. Indeed it was a familiar guest in the house for many months. At last, with a sudden start from its stool, exclaiming,

'Piskey fine, and piskey gay,
Piskey now must run away,'

it vanished, after which it never appeared again."

It should be added here, that the same story is told of another piskey, who had a suit of clothes constructed by the grateful housewife; and putting them on with an air of self-glorification, then became invisible in like manner, meaning, perhaps, either that the pay of his services was received and accepted, or that he scorned future menial service when thus splendidly arrayed. We suspect the latter, and seem to detect a latent meaning.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

The Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's, relates the following remarkable acquittal of a soldier :—

In the beginning of this century there lived, in the south of England, a man famed for his benevolence and kindness to all around him. One night he appeared very restless, whereupon his wife asked him what was the matter. "Well," he said, "it is very strange, but I can't sleep; for I seem to hear, as plainly as if you said it, a voice sounding in my ears, 'Go to Launceston! Go to Launceston!'" "Oh," said she, "it is all nonsense; walk about the room a little, and then lie down, and you'll soon forget it."

He followed her advice, but all to no purpose; the same words kept apparently ringing in his ears, and though in the night, and seven miles from the town, he got up, dressed, and saddling his horse, started off.

There was a ferry to cross on the road, but happily the boat was on the right side, so, having woke up the ferryman, over they crossed. But no sooner were they on the other side, than a violent storm came on, and the boatman remarked, "Well, sir, it's well you were not a minute later, or we should not be where we now are."

In due course of time he arrived at Launceston, wondering all the time why he had come ; but the same words still sounded in his ears. It was now about seven o'clock, so he rode to the inn, and being hungry, he ordered his breakfast. When he had finished, he asked the waiter what was going on in the town. "Well, sir, nothing but the Assizes." "Oh, to be sure ; why, I should have known that." He then sauntered down to the court, and found a case was just being tried of a soldier, who was said to have deserted his post, and by that means connived at a robbery which had been committed in the neighbourhood. After all the evidence had been gone through, and which *appeared* to prove the soldier clearly guilty, the judge asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defence. "Yes, sir," replied the soldier ; "I was not asleep at the time, but on my duty ; and I remember, by the circumstance of a gentleman having asked me what time it was, just at the hour the witnesses have spoken to. It was a very windy night, and I was, as usual, pacing up and down the

cliff, and, by the moonlight, I perceived some one walking on the shore. The church clock had just struck twelve, and the person underneath asked me if it was one or twelve o'clock, as he thought the clock had struck *thirteen*. I immediately informed him of the hour; but from that time to this I have never seen him. Could I but tell who he was, I am sure I should be acquitted." The mystery was immediately cleared up in the gentleman's mind, but at first he felt quite overwhelmed at recognizing that *he* was the very person the prisoner was so urgently in need of. He at once stepped forward, and requested to be allowed to say a few words, which request was at once granted by the judge, as most of those who were in court knew who the gentleman was. He then related to them how providentially he had been summoned there, and went on to say, that *he* was the very person who had addressed the soldier on the night in question. He confirmed every word that the soldier had said, and the prisoner was at once acquitted.

We are given some curious instances of ancient feudal and municipal tenure in the archives of the town and castle, as searched out by S. R. Pattison, Esq. In 12 Edward I., we find "Robert Hurdyn holding an acre of land and a bakehouse in the town of the castle of Lanceveton, by the serjeantry of being in the castle of Lanceveton with an iron helmet and a Danish hatchet for forty days in the

time of war at his own costs." We find the Mayor and Burgesses holding in fee farm of the Duke (temp. Edward III.), at the yearly rent of 100 shillings and a pound of pepper.

We find the worthy burgesses complaining that the Prior of St. Stephens "has taken the assize of bread and ale of the town of Newport, which anciently belonged to the Castle without warrant."

We find the Court of "Waternefe" held at the gate of the Castle; and that the town of Truro paid as due "a bow of laburnum," the manor of Scilly "300 puffins, or 6s. 8d.," another manor a measure of lime, and another a hare.

It seems not unlikely that King Henry the Fifth visited the town and castle on his way to or from Harfleur, before the battle of Agincourt, for a favourite knight of his, known to have been there distinguished, and belonging to this neighbourhood, is said to have been commemorated in the distich formerly over Southgate under the king's own portrait.

"He that will do aught for me,
Let him love well Sir John Tirlawnee."

In 1440, Lacey, bishop of Exeter, granted an indulgence of 40 days to all true penitents who should contribute assistance "to the support of the minstrels of the blessed Mary Magdalene at Launceston.

Tempora mutantur! A later bishop estimated

minstrels differently, as appears from the following tale :—

THE MINSTRELS OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE

The very different style of architecture, between the Tower and the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, plainly evinces that it was to an era prior to the 14th century that we are indebted for the erection of the former. No vestige now remains of the little chapel or chantry, formerly attached to it, in which the good friars and monks of olden days exercised their devotions; and it is most probable that it was destroyed to make room for the present building, which so much exceeded it in size and magnificence. And although the antiquarian may weep over the ill taste which could consign such venerable relics to destruction, and thus accelerate, in one fell stroke, those ravages which time is but too fast in producing; yet, when he compares the beauties of the present building with the mouldering ruins, which his eye can easily pourtray in fancy, of the late one, he feels that the erection of one has more than compensated for the destruction of the other. The order of monks, which prior to the Reformation were established here, do not appear to have been so famous for the greatness of the possessions, and the number of the brotherhood, as were many of the other orders in the neighbouring county. But although greatness of

possession did not characterize the worthy monks of the old town, their hospitable doors were always open to welcome the traveller, who might either enjoy that rest which would refresh him for the next day's journey, or join in the merry meetings in which the worthy brotherhood indulged, when the flagon and joke went briskly round, and the walls of the old monastery resounded with the conviviality of its inmates, and the merry song of the minstrels, who gladly availed themselves of the good cheer of which the brotherhood partook.

At this time Bishop Voisey held the See of Exeter, and it was to his coming to Launceston to consecrate the burial ground adjoining the old chantry that my legend is attributable. He had lived under the old system of the Catholic religion, but on the Reformation adopted the Protestant doctrines, and the devotional habit and ascetic appearance of the new priesthood.

Towards the close of a summer's evening, in the month of June, a heavy carriage, with two attendants on horseback, was seen slowly winding along the rough descent from the Lew Down moors to the river Tamar. The slow and fagged movement of the horses, and the dusty appearance of their caparisons, shewed that they had come from more than an ordinary distance, and the cautious manner in which the attendants sought for a fordable part of the river, told that they were strangers,

and unacquainted with the locality of the county into which they were about to enter. A burst of admiration had escaped from the travellers as the carriage first rounded the corner of the descent, and the Castle of Launceston presented its majestic front, towering proudly above the horizon, and frowning in silent grandeur on the peaceful and fertile valleys beneath to their view; but it was of short duration, for the dangerous descent, and the gloomy darkness which the trees growing luxuriantly on the hill side, and then in their thickest foliage, threw over the pathway, presented to the unaccustomed minds of the travellers a feeling almost bordering on fear, and more than one pious ejaculation of thanks was uttered when the stream was safely forded, and they were proceeding over the comparatively level road which led to Launceston. One of the attendants had been here dispatched to precede them, and prepare for the good Bishop Voisey such lodging and entertainment as the said town could produce, but with strict orders that nothing should be prepared but the plainest food, and that in accordance with the rigid doctrines, which the teachers of the new religion professed, no demonstrations of festivity or rejoicing should be evinced at the approach of the prelate; or, to use his own words to his attendant: "It would ill become one who is the humble and unworthy preacher of Christianity, and who ought

to be an example of that piety, devotion, and abhorrence of the world and its pleasures, which it is his duty to inculcate upon others, to countenance festivity or rejoicing, and more especially on such an occasion as the present, and for which we travel hither."

Various were the feelings evinced by the announcement of the near approach of the good Bishop Voisey. Those monks who had been attached to the old establishment, and who still dragged out their days in penury, and supported themselves on the alms of the charitable, affected to look with contempt, but in reality with sullen jealousy, on the show and pomp which in former days they had possessed, and with which they expected the new dignitary would be accompanied. Others—the wealthy burghers—heard the announcement with indifference, and continued to engage themselves in those avocations by the exercise of which the auld town had increased in wealth and importance; and it was by the band of minstrels alone, who, in spite of the poverty which their idleness had justly entailed on them, continued still to keep together their company, and now and then enlivened the townsmen with their cheerful song, that his approach was welcomed with anything like real joy. They hoped that, notwithstanding the ascetic manners which report had whispered that the good Bishop Voisey had

assumed, they should stand a chance of being reinstated in the office and emoluments they had formerly filled and enjoyed in the old monastery. But the fond hopes of future prosperity in which the merry minstrels indulged were checked by the attendant's second announcement, that no demonstrations of festivity or joy were to be evinced on the arrival of his master. It was in vain that they gathered around him, and questioned whether he had not mistaken the orders which he had received. It seemed to them that it was as well to expect the Church of St. Stephens, like Aaron's rod of old, to swallow up the five chapels which were appendant to it, as for a Church dignitary to dislike the charms of Cornish minstrelsy; and with this feeling they immediately fixed themselves on the brow of the steep ascent without the southern gate, through which the travellers would be obliged to pass; and as the carriage was seen slowly mounting the winding ascent, they commenced one of the merry choruses with which, in olden days, they had been used to greet the monks on their return from their hunting excursions; and in spite of the angry vociferations of the Bishop's attendants, who exhorted and commanded them to be silent, on pain of incurring the displeasure of the Holy Church, they made the walls of the auld town ring with the harmony of their merry and well-toned voices. At first the features of the good

Bishop assumed a dark appearance of anger, but little in accordance with the profession of charity towards all; but as the voice of the minstrels recalled to his recollection those scenes of conviviality in which in former days he had so often joined, they gradually relaxed, and a smile played for an instant over the stern countenance of the worthy churchman, who, no longer able to disguise those social feelings which the minstrelsy had produced, at last joined heartily in the chorus; and instead of punishing the minstrels for their contumaciousness and disobedience to the commands of the holy Church, beckoned to the leader of their band, and, in the midst of the plaudits of the inhabitants, promised him to set apart a small portion of the revenues of his See for the maintenance of the Merry Minstrels of St. Mary Magdalene.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

This venerable building, which, for chasteness of external architecture, magnificence of appearance, and durability of material, has not its rival in the county of Cornwall, has the following curious legend attached to its erection :—

In the year 1540, Sir John Trecarrell, being in possession of a large fortune, determined to erect a mansion on the site of his house at Trecarrell, in the parish of Lezant, which, for magnificence of structure and duration, should excel any building

in the neighbourhood; and for this purpose he procured a great quantity of granite, to be cut into large blocks, and brought to Trecarrell, in readiness for the building.

Sir John was an astrologer—or one who by consulting the appearance of the stars could read the accidents and benefits which are to befall mankind; and his lady having been just confined of an eldest son, he went to consult the horoscope of his fate, and there see the future honours which the fond parent had pictured to himself as falling on the heir of Trecarrell. Dark and stormy was the night when Sir John ascended the staircase which led to his astrological observatory. The wind whistling amidst the trees which surrounded the building, and the melancholy murmur of the stream in the valley—heard only when for an instant or two the wind subsided—seemed ominous of the fate which was to befall his son. But the astrologer, heedless of the warring elements, wended his course through the silent and (but by him) untrod passages which led to his study; and having waited in eager expectation for the abatement of the storm, he saw, amidst the receding clouds, a star—one solitary star—the star of his son's destiny. It had assumed the deep dye of blood, and told the devoted parent that a sudden unexpected death awaited his child. Anxiously, and with a trembling hand, did the impatient father again view the horoscope, which was

to show him the second vista of his son's lot. The clouds which had before returned and darkened the heavens again receded. One little twinkling star alone was visible—'twas but for an instant. It fell! and the astrologer could not disguise from himself the fact, that as short would be his son's lot upon earth. Again the ill-fated father, as if doomed to be made miserable by the exercise of those very arts for the attainment of which he had devoted his days to study, and his nights to observation, had once more scanned the fated horoscope. The rumbling thunder, and the rain, which fell in torrents, came coldly to the heart of the astrologer, and told him that in the waters should his son die. Whilst the unhappy father was pondering over the ill fate which was to befall his son, and had almost brought himself to think that he had read the book of fate wrongly, the nurse announced to him, that, having left the room in which the child was, he had fallen into a fountain of water, and was drowned! The father felt no more than he had before felt; in spite of his hopes, he knew that his horoscope had told truly, and that unexpectedly and soon had the heir of Tre-carrell fallen a victim to the water; and if any feeling of consolation soothed his pangs, it was this,—that he had not in vain devoted his hours to Astrology, since he could divine the destiny of man. But these feelings, as a philosopher, could

little support one who saw all his hopes buried in the tomb of his infant son, and of his wife, who survived but a few hours. He retired for the remainder of his life into religious seclusion, having first directed that the granite blocks, which had been hewn and brought to Trecarrell, should be dedicated to building a church at Launceston, erected for the service of God. It was consecrated in 1525, probably occupying several years in its completion; and to the question which arises, why the tower did not undergo the same restoration as the Church, it may be replied, that while the building was in progress, the national creed was in a state of change. The Priory of Launceston became dispossessed, the monks being probably permitted to occupy the old ruins for the few years remaining of their lives; but it has been supposed, that in the chapel still existing at Trecarrell, the last Prior ministered to the spiritual consolation of the bereaved father and humbled philosopher, Henry Trecarrell, who not improbably adhered to the old faith.

The revenues of the Priory at that time were £354 per annum, and would now be of much greater value; but they have continued alienated from the benefice. At this time the endowment is about £80 a year, for a cure of 2000 souls.

The Rev. George B. Gibbons was inducted to the Perpetual Curacy in 1837.

A GLANCE AT HISTORY.

THE events of the great civil war connected with Launceston rather belong to general history than to the fortress. "It was first occupied by Sir Richard Buller for the parliament; abandoned by him on the approach of the Royalists under Sir Ralph Hopton; held by the latter against Chudleigh and the Parliamentarians; in August, 1644, surrendered to Essex; on the capitulation of his army fell again to Royalists; occupied by the Prince in 1645; the place of confinement of Sir Richard Grenville for disobedience of orders; and ultimately surrendered by Colonel Basset to Fairfax; since which," until latterly, "it was a stranger to the pomp and circumstances of war." This extract, from Mr. Pattison's pamphlet, is meagre but suggestive. Though it is difficult to reproduce, from what materials are before us, a very definite idea of how the Castle could hold out against any shock of artillery from the heights above, when once cannon were brought to bear upon it, yet we can glean out of the records of the past instances of individual loyalty, bravery, and self-devotion; and the sketch we can obtain in memory of the gallant Cornishman, Sir Hugh Piper, gives a distinguished prominence to Launceston as a Loyalist town. Sir Hugh Piper in early life had been bred to commerce, and was both a landholder and a trader to the West Indies.

His wealth and worth entitled him to aspire successfully to the hand of a lady of ancient descent, and knightly lineage, and perhaps he did not disallow a satisfaction in tracing his connection through his dame Sybilla, with the noble house of Courtenay, of Devon, claiming affinity even with the Emperors of Constantinople. Yet he neither scorned nor neglected the means by which he had risen to opulence and reputation. Modest in his intercourse with gentlemen of the rank to which he had risen, he was equally free from vulgar purse-pride among his inferiors; and, so far from forgetting the duties of his class, he not only pursued business habits even to the detail of counting-house work, but made a manly and patriotic resistance to the unjust and oppressive duties of tonnage and poundage when unduly levied on himself and those of his vocation.

Yet when he found that the complaints against these and other abuses were about to give a handle to the disaffected against crown and state, Sir Hugh at once and heartily embraced the cause of oppressed loyalty; he changed his sad coloured russet into armour; turned his office into a guard-room; appointed his head clerk cornet, and raised a troop of horses for King Charles at his own and sole cost. "Great were his successes, and as great his honours." We quote here from Mrs. Bray's sketch in "Warleigh." "For though the siege of Plymouth gave

him a wound in the neck, the king created him captain of the Royal Castle at Exeter, where he might, in those days, overlook the whole town without the trouble of stretching it. And though at Stratton Heights a brace of bullets whizzed through his thigh, yet being appointed Constable of Launceston Castle was an elevation to a height greater than that on which he had received his wound; and though, lastly, a severe cut from the godly sword of a psalm-singing knave at Lansdown fight had made his shoulder smart for it, yet this third blow - Charles himself condescended to heal by giving him another, which made of a very gallant soldier a worshipful knight."

But though our noble merchant townsman so freely gave his blood for his king, insomuch that he is said to have been left for dead in one of the above encounters, and was nourished back to life with great care and skill, he poured forth with equal devotion, treasures as dear to the heart of some money makers as life itself. When Queen Henrietta Maria lay sick and troubled at Exeter, fearful, as it is quaintly expressed, "that for want of that rare thing—gold," she should bring into the world a royal scion without the required circumstances of pomp and state attendant, Sir Hugh Piper's silver dishes, plates, drinking cups, and ladles, all went into the melting pot to furnish forth royal bedding and baby clothes, fees for wise

women, and spoons for godmothers and gossips at the Royal Exeter lying in.

But referring our reader to the various turns and vicissitudes in the noble knight's career to the lives of the Worthies given more at large, we are glad to state, that, after many sad reverses, his life ended in honour and repute, and that his bones lie peaceably at St. Mary Magdalene's, Launceston, while his granddaughter and heiress married into the ancient and honourable family of Vyvyan, of whom the younger branch settled at Tresmarrow, her inheritance, and thence came to reside at Madford, in Launceston.

It would appear that the Puritans left some traces of their influence, besides pulling off the remaining lead from the old Castle. We find the following indignant protest in the marriage register: "Hereafter follow marriages by Laymen, according to y^e profanes and giddynes of the times, without precedent or example in any Christian kingdom or commonwealth, from the birth of Christ unto this very year, 1655."

But more amusing and edifying are the baptismal names entered in the register during the latter half of the 17th century. We have selected a few in turning over its pages. Thus—

Gideon Maypowder, Melchizedec Pulling,
among males; and the succeeding feminine denominations:

Modesty Brussy,	Zenobia Hockaday,
Discipline Ford,	Dionysia Jope,
Sapience Kemp,	Eulalia Troth,
Science Sheer,	Temperance Boniface,
Sufferance Pelyne,	Goah Babb,
Damaris Courtice,	Shelemith Toot.

And we commend to the curious the following eccentric appellatives, all female:

Synelephant Potter,	Redigan Cadbury,
English Harry,	Emanchy Moise,
Arminall Bounsall,	Emlin Haggie,

to say nothing of peculiar west country favourites, as Jenefer, Peternel, Loveday, Melicent.

Want of further space, and the inexorable tread of the approaching railway, compel the reciter of these gossiping chronicles here to abridge further narration, and make way for facts and figures. There is no opportunity of getting more than a bird's-eye view of the pretty village of St. Stephen's by Newport, of which the tall and handsome tower crowns the opposite hill, and of whose priory (which some believe to have given the name to Launceston thus—Lan St. Stephen contracted) we find it written: "The great priory of St. Stephen, with its ample endowments, fair buildings, and hospitable renown, was the ecclesiastical boast of the neighbourhood." The present Incumbent is the Rev. E. S. T. Daunt. Still less can our present ramble include

Werrington Park, late the property of the deceased and lamented Duke of Northumberland, constable of the Castle, and now, by recent purchase, of A. H. Campbell, Esq.; but a glimpse of its beauties appears in the lines here annexed, by a young lady of talent, native to the place, with which we must conclude our brief notice.

FROM AN ODE TO WERRINGTON PARK.

OLD Park! in varied beauty drest,
Of wood, and glade, and plain,
Where the pleased wanderer oft has blest
The noble Percy's name.
Ye vistas! opening prospects wide;
Ye waters! that soft murmuring glide;
Ye gently sloping lawns! where play
The antler'd deer with graceful bound;—
All Nature's charms in thee are found,
Blended in harmony.

Oh, may thy treasures of delight
Be still preserved our own!
Still may thy grateful shades invite
The footstep free and lone!
From dusty highway glad to roam,
When we before thy portals come,
Refreshment and repose to gain!
To feel thy renovating breeze,
To watch thy vernal budding trees,
May we ne'er seek in vain!

He who would taste the soothing calm
That Nature to the heart
Perturb'd or weary, like a charm
All potent, can impart,
Should to thy terrace smooth repair ;
In solitary rambles there,
Among its silent shadowy trees,
Th' enchanting and mysterious spell,
That haunts each slope and bosky dell,
Shall lure him back to peace.

Or through the shady wood-path turn,
That to the right extends,
Where the sweet breath of pine and fern
With cooling zephyr blends ;
There, on some mossy bank reclined,
May youthful dreamers shelter find
From the refulgent summer rays,
And listening to the soothing sound
Of distant waterfall, around
On mansion, tower, and river gaze.

At eve, reluctant they depart,
Bearing a precious store
Of happy mem'ries in their heart,
Embalmed for evermore.
When youth is o'er, its joys and cares,
And life a sterner aspect wears,
Thy Park, O Werrington, remains ;
And may fresh generations rise,
Thy charms unequalled still to prize,
And sing in sweeter strains.

E. J. M.

RETROSPECTS AND PROSPECTS.

AN able lecture, by a practical and public-spirited writer and speaker (Mr. Robbins), describes so well the by-gone and present condition of trade, that while giving a few extracts as samples of its aim and scope, we would rather hope some portion may be reproduced by the author, but with a view to a new aspect of things on the approach of a great commercial change; and on the coming of a new landowner, one would venture to hope that somewhat of the fine "One and All" feeling might spring up anew. There is abundance of public spiritedness, benevolence, and intelligence centred in the old town. It is well known that, from time immemorial, charities, whether for home or for foreign purposes, have been nobly supported; it is also a recognized fact, that there exists a great amount of activity and good will for personal exertion; that provident clubs and benefit institutions thrive in our atmosphere; and that peace societies and temperance lectures meet with hearty sympathy.

In a lecture on "The Past, Present, and Future of Launceston," delivered by Mr. Robbins before the Mechanics' Institute on the 3rd November, 1856, the lecturer, in enforcing the necessity of a railway to Plymouth, thus happily described the advantages, both natural and artificial, which the

town possessed, and which are as forcibly true now as they were nine years ago: "We have everything around us to make a prosperous, happy, and contented people. There are noblemen's and gentlemen's seats, which, for picturesque scenery and beauty, are not to be surpassed in the West of England. We have several rivers and artificial streams in the neighbourhood which few districts can excel. We have beautiful promenades and walks in and near the town, such as the Castle Gardens, the Green, and the Lower and the Middle Walks. We are surrounded by good roads leading to Exeter on the east, to Plymouth on the south, to Bodmin on the west, and to Bude and Holsworthy on the north. The scenery, at once bold and striking, is admired by every stranger who visits the town. We are in the centre of a rich and populous agricultural district, which might, by means of a railway, be rendered more rich and more populous. The air of the town, as every one knows, is remarkably conducive to health, the atmosphere being dry and bracing; indeed, it is only a little below that of Bude, with the air of which it is sometimes impregnated. We have an elegant Council Room, thanks to His Grace the (late) Duke of Northumberland, and we likewise possess two very commodious market-houses for the sale of corn and meat. Our streets are wide and cleanly; our houses of business have been modernized, and

stocked with every variety of merchandise. We have also one of the finest churches in the West of England, with an officiating minister respected and beloved by all. Our several dissenting churches are presided over by an enlightened and talented ministry. We have a Mechanics' and General Institute, and in fact every inducement to lead the stranger to take up his residence among us—with one exception; that exception is what is wanted to give life, energy, and attraction to all that I have just enumerated. Indeed, it is commercially our life, and without it we must die from a lingering consumption; for unless our efforts are renewed, united, and energetic, my opinion is that we shall be placed in Schedule A in some future Reform Bill, and become one of the things that were."

So much for the characteristics of the town and its surroundings. With such advantages—given by nature and improved by art—now that the railway is a great fact, it may naturally be expected that the beauty of the scenery will form an attraction for the stranger and the tourist. With an anticipated increase in the population, it may be asked how far the town will be prepared to meet the requirements of an expected gradual addition to the number of its inhabitants. In endeavouring to answer this question, we cannot do better than to have recourse once more to the writings of Mr. Robbins. In a paper read before the Mechanics'

Institute on the 24th February, 1862, while briefly glancing at the past, and sketching the capabilities of our tradesmen, Mr. Robbins said, "There were within my recollection several large manufactories carried on here, and we not only made goods for our own consumption, but exported them to the several western counties. We had also a successful saddlery business, which not only supplied the wants of the town and district, but it had a world-wide celebrity for strength, neatness, and durability; and is there not now the capital, the talent, the spirit, the industry, and the material to be found as there ever were? And if these materials correspond with the London prices, there cannot be an argument to show why their money should not be laid out with their neighbours. As to the cabinet trade, there is still a successful business carried on here, but a great number of cabinet goods are purchased elsewhere, which are not only very inferior to our own, but very frequently higher in price. This branch, for qualification, character, ability, and moral worth, both as to masters and men, is second to none in the kingdom; and it should also be borne in mind that these articles, purchased in London or any other large town, are made by the handicraft which has migrated from the country towns. Are our moulders devoid of design, energy, enterprise, capital, or conveniences, that you must send your ready money to Exeter, to purchase stoves and other castings?

If you were to take a bird's eye view, you would discover foundries that would meet you in price and quality with any in the kingdom. Are your smiths so devoid of mechanical skill that you cannot trust them to make a horse-shoe, or the bolt of a back-door? And are you also so deficient in art that you must have a London tailor? as if the latter only took eight to make a man! Now this class of tradesmen for art of cutting, attentiveness, and ability, you will scarcely find in any other small town in the kingdom, and if you continue to have your costume in London, we shall not regret to hear of your being fleeced by the knight of the thimble. And have you not mechanical and industrial skill for the building of a vehicle or dog-cart that you must lay out your ready money in Tavistock or Plymouth for an inferior article, and greater in price? Go into yonder yard, compare the articles there manufactured with those of other towns, and let the vehicles run side by side, and mile by mile, you will then discover that too many of the latter are like Peter Pindar's razors, 'made to sell.' Must you send to Plymouth to buy a bottle of port? Is there not methodical skill, that a mantle, dress, or bonnet cannot be procured in the town? Is there not so good in ironmongery, that you must send to a distance to get a lamp, or six pounds of H nails? Are printing and lithographic presses become so obsolete, that Plymouth must be resorted to for

bills and cards? Is there not sufficient stock in the thousands of pounds invested in the drapery establishments, such as silks, satins, shawls, carpeting, cloths, and crinolines, that retail purchases must be made in London or Bristol? And are not the various articles of groceries, such as tea, sugar, currants, coffee, and raisins as good as can be bought in any of the shops in England? where you get no sloe leaves for tea, neither chicory for coffee, nor sand for sugar, you being surrounded by a class of tradesmen of industry and moral worth, that you can send a child to make the purchases, which, in many towns we could name, would be a great risk in doing; for in the puffs that we see advertised from day to day, we are sure that the principal part of those articles so advertised are not genuine; since by an analysis of them you find sloe leaves for tea, chicory for coffee, sand for sugar, chalk for lozenges, beet root for pickles, and sour cider for vinegar; and in purchasing such rubbish you wrong yourself, and also do an injustice to your neighbour. There was an effort made some years ago to establish a glove manufactory, similar to the one at Torrington; but if there is not that support given to your town for the necessary articles, what hope have you to be successful in the ornamental?"

"Now that the railway has at length been opened to our town, it may not be out of place to present a condensed calculation of the increased trade which

is expected to result from the introduction of the locomotive. Let us first take the different departments of industry in the town, every one of which would feel the benefit of an expanding commerce as the inevitable result of an influx of visitors and residents. Going through the various trades and handicrafts, there is scarcely one which would not receive some advantage. The extension of our malt-ing business would materially benefit, not only those who are immediately engaged in that branch of industry, but the shopkeeper and farmer would profit as well. In the building trade, the cabinet business, in smithery, in iron castings, in the greater demand for clothes and shoes, in the saddlery, the carriage business, in the clock and watchmaking, and in the branches represented by plumbing and glazing; in all these there would be an increase, varying from two to three and even to four fold. And in the neighbourhood, although we have lost the mining and manufacturing interests, we have sources of great, but hitherto undeveloped, wealth. There are our excellent slate quarries at Yeolm-bridge, the soft grey granite of Polyphant, and the quarries under Horse Lane and at Slate Quarry, in all of which more labour would be employed on the introduction of the iron road. Again, we have fine large mills; namely, at Yeolnubridge, Ridgogrove, Bamham, and the Town Mills, none of which, in the absence of the railway, have been tasked to